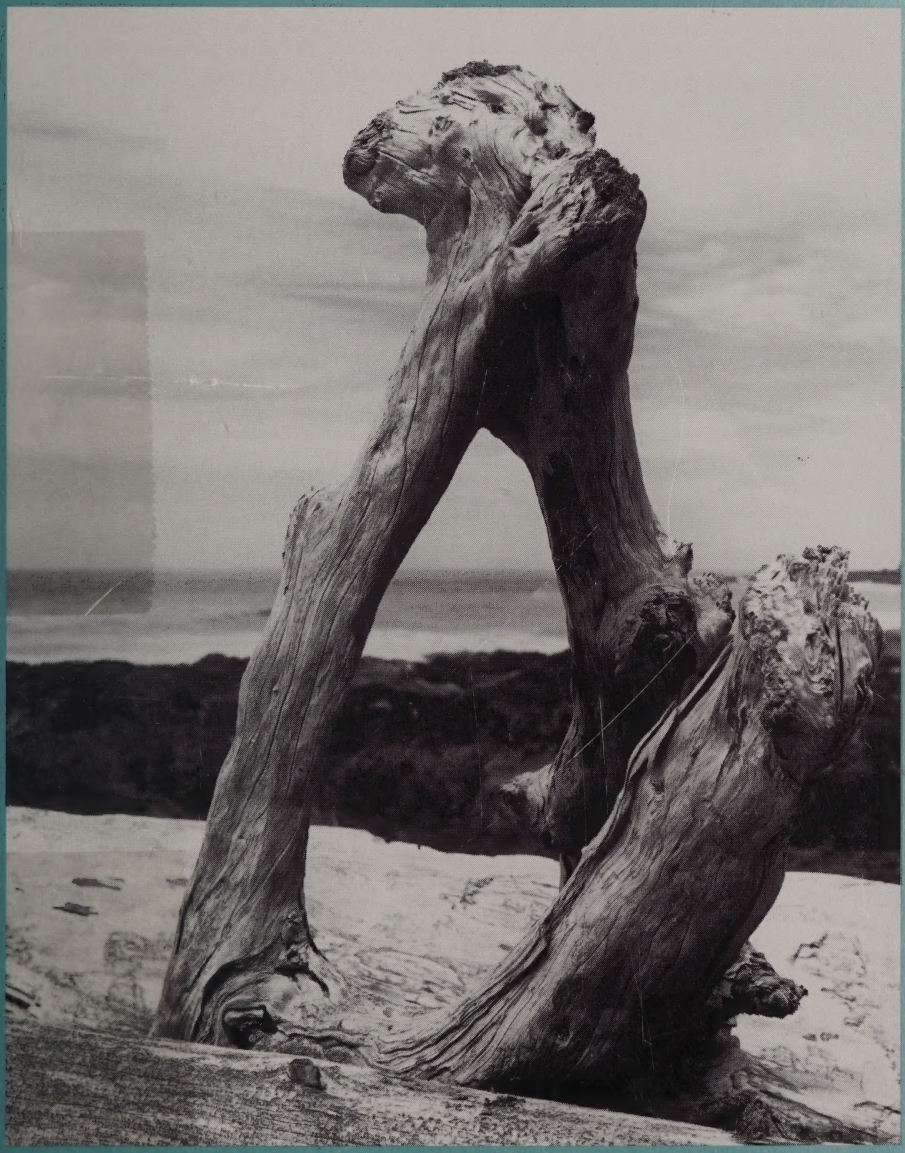
v.50, no. 4 (Aug 1999)

SACRED JOURNEY



THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER ~ AUGUST 1999

SACRED JOURNEY™

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

The mission of Fellowship in Prayer is

to encourage and support

a spiritual orientation to life,

to promote the practice of

prayer,

meditation,

and service to others,

and to help bring about

a deeper spirit of unity

among humankind.

CONTENTS

Vol. 50, No. 4, August 1999

FROM THE PRESIDENT 2

FROM THE EDITOR 4

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
Healing Into Wholeness
Ron Roth 7

COMPANIONS ON THE PATH
Meditation as Reaching Out to Others
Trime Lhamo 17

PRAYERS 20

SPIRITUALITY & HEALING
The Goodness of Being Limited
Lorette Piper 22

A TRANSFORMING EXPERIENCE
My First Miracle
Lorraine V. Murray 27

POETRY 32

SPIRITUALITY IN EVERYDAY LIFE
Roller Coaster Spirituality
Bruce Marshall 35

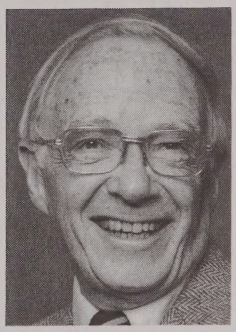
PILGRIMAGE
My Twelve Truths
Liz Watkins 40

ILLUMINATIONS 45

LETTERS & LINKS 47

Cover photo of driftwood at Cape Perpetua, OR, by Robert Campbell.

FROM THE PRESIDENT



If you would like to be energized physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually, try walking a labyrinth. Used to be, you had to make a pilgrimage to the great cathedral in Chartres, France, or a similar sacred place, to find one of those ancient circular mandalas, or designs, that lead you, after many twists and turns, to the still point of the center. Today labyrinths are becoming more available worldwide.

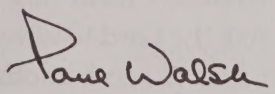
In fact there is now a labyrinth in the meditation garden of Fellowship in Prayer, in Princeton, New Jersey, the result of much hard work on the part of Ani Trime Lhamo, an American Buddhist monk and trustee of Fellowship in Prayer. Trime and Rebecca Laird, the editor of *Sacred Journey*, went to the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, where the Rev. Arthur Caliandro is senior pastor and a trustee of Fellowship in Prayer, to walk a labyrinth that had been brought there from San Francisco for a weekend workshop.

Inspired by Trime's experience, I arrived early at work one morning and set out to walk her newly constructed labyrinth. As I slowly and mindfully walked the ever-turning, twisting path, doubling back on myself, seeming at times to be close to the center, then back on the

perimeter, I felt my stress, and tension, and anxiety drop away. Flashes of departed friends and loved ones came to me, and I felt their presence encouraging and uplifting me as I walked the sacred path. In particular, I felt the loving presence of "Retsy" Piper (Sr. Lorette Piper RSCJ), beloved *anam chara*, teacher, spiritual director, prison chaplain, and writer to whom I had said a sad farewell a day earlier at her Mass of Christian burial. On the cover of the program for the service, which Retsy had designed, were the words, writ large, "Barn's burnt down . . . now I can see the moon."

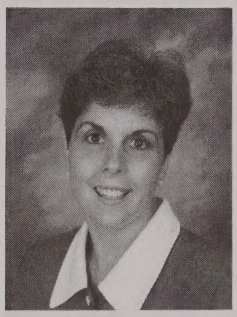
If you've not yet experienced the numinous and healing power of the labyrinth, you may wish to do so at the *Companions on the Sacred Journey* celebration in Princeton, June 16, 17, and 18, 2000. Two workshops on the labyrinth will be given by Beth Haynes, an Episcopal priest, spiritual director, and retreat leader who has written: "The labyrinth provides an ongoing metaphor for the spiritual journey. Its mysterious winding path moves one toward the Center, toward God, while the journey outward symbolizes the path toward integration and the offering of one's gifts to the world." Participants in Beth's workshops will receive background history and guidance in making this intensely personal journey while remaining in community.

God between you and all harm,



Paul Walsh

FROM THE EDITOR



Sirens wail through the streets signaling tragedy. Displaced people trudge through hostile territory. This summer, refugees from Kosovo living and waiting with few possessions and terrible stories have borne the world's woes. Painful pictures of reality flash across the nightly news reports. It's too much. I feel helpless. I'm tempted to turn away and ignore the pain.

I've felt this way before. During an earlier decade of my life I worked long hours with the urban poor and loved it. I referred, listened, advocated, prayed. Years passed and the lines outside our church door grew longer despite great effort and earnest faith. I began to hurry past those huddled in doorways and rarely dug into my pocket for a quarter or into my heart for a kind word. I had seen too much. In the midst of my own compassion fatigue a friend encouraged me, "When you hear a siren wail, pray. There is no need to watch or gape at another's tragedy. But pray that grace and peace will reach them in this moment. When you walk by a wretched form in a doorway or see a look of agony, pray. Ask the Lord to have mercy on this one's soul and to quicken yours to serve another in some small way each day."

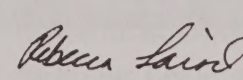
In our feature interview, Ron Roth, author of *Prayer and the Five Stages of Healing*, speaks similarly of offering blessing prayers when images of unrest break into our lives.

Our prayers can shower love, peace, and joy upon tragedy-ridden circumstances.

Trime Lhamo writes of a meditation practice of "taking and sending" that develops one's capacity for love, compassion, joy, and serenity in *Companions on the Path.* In the coming months this new feature will introduce you to the workshop leaders for our anniversary conference scheduled for next June. Lorette "Retsy" Piper discovers the goodness of being limited through her long struggle with cancer in *Spirituality & Healing. A Transforming Experience* tells of Lorraine Murray's first miracle when a sea creature and a saint both reflect the mystery and innocence of God. While hurtling through the air on an amusement park ride, Bruce Marshall learns to relax and enjoy the wild ride in "Roller Coaster Spirituality." City-dweller Liz Watkins finds herself paddling a canoe and singing in Latin through Canada's Northwoods in *Pilgrimage.* Kimberly Beyer-Nelson encourages us to "smile at those you pass/Meet their eyes/ wish them well beneath your breath" in her poem, "Gray."

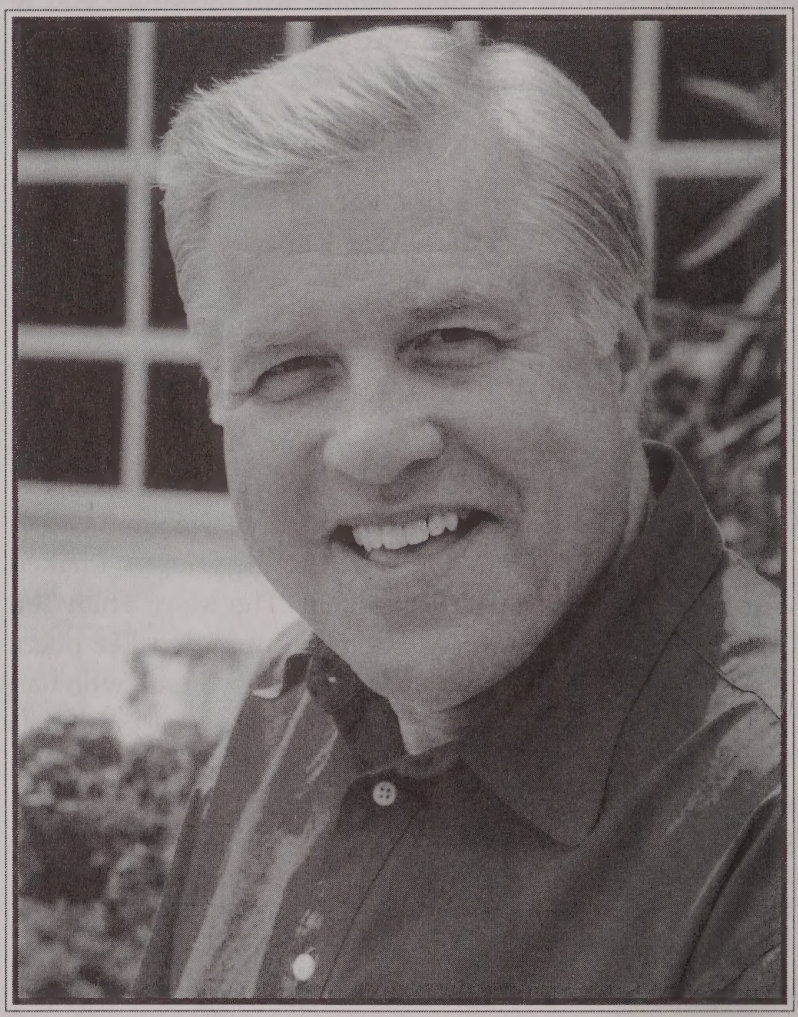
Shortly before sending this issue to the printers, I talked with poet Mary-Kate Heffern about "The More Than Ten Commandments." I learned she had submitted her poem months ago due to encouragement by Retsy Piper, who had just died a few days earlier. We marveled. Retsy continues to bring about good even after her death. It seems fitting that we dedicate this issue to her memory. She blessed so many with her life, her work, and her prayers.

Blessings,



Rebecca Laird

Ron Roth



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Healing Into Wholeness

Ron Roth

Ron Roth, Ph.D. is the author of Prayer and the Five Stages of Healing. *Ron regularly conducts healing prayer seminars around the globe. For twenty-five years, Ron served in the Roman Catholic priesthood, and is now the founder of the Celebrating Life Institute in Peru, Illinois. Ron's book is filled with insight and practical exercises to enhance the practice of prayer. Like his book, his voice and personality vibrate with energy, creativity, encouragement, and practical prayer tips. As Ron writes, "I am convinced that we cannot make much progress at all along the path of prayer unless prayer is as intimately integrated into our daily life as breathing."*

Rebecca Laird: You write that you are concerned with "healing into wholeness." What does that mean?

Ron Roth: When I talk about healing into wholeness, I am talking about healing all aspects of our lives. Usually in the past, the term healing was associated just with physical healing. I prefer to think of healing in all areas of human life. I am concerned about healing our lives so that we can be whole and exemplify our true

nature, which is love. The emphasis of my teaching is to show people the role of God's love—that's the essence, the spark at the center of everyone's being—that can be ignited once we tune into authentic prayer. That is what brings healing into our lives.

What are the five stages of healing?

You can find most of these overlapping stages in many of the religions of the world. They may be subdivided differently, but they all agree on the general progression, the journey of the soul from its incarnation in a physical body to its reunion with God. Basically, each stage is a stage of awareness. This makes these stages powerful in regards to healing. These stages aren't something new. We were born, incarnated, wired with these stages that bring us healing. We were born knowing on some level that we were one with God.

As we grew older—through well-meaning people or institutions, the family, school, or religious organization—that knowledge was knocked out of us. We then began to struggle and compete for what we had in life. By the time we are adults, we begin to realize, 'Hey, there has got to be more than this!' Then begins the journey to our return to oneness with the divine. This return is to me what the story of the prodigal son is about in the Christian Testament. It describes the return to who we really are.

The first stage is the awakening. In the awakening, you will usually have a big crisis. Perhaps you come home and find your spouse gone after twenty years. Perhaps you are told you have a terminal illness or the stock market crashes and you lose all of your money. When this type of crisis occurs, after the self-pity attack, you begin honestly,

humbly, and without judgement or condemnation to ask the three most important questions you will ever ask: Who am I? Where am I going? Is this all there is?

Once we honestly reexamine our lives, and I know this to be true from my own experience, then the spiritual or divine energy propels us to the next stage, if we don't resist.

The second stage is purification. In the purification stage we try to get rid of anything that we feel is keeping us from joy, peace, love. We may have to begin to watch our thought patterns and seek balance and congruency in our lives. Some people begin a regular prayer or meditation practice or embrace a religious tradition. We desire that what we think, say, feel, and do be congruent. In the purification stage, we must be careful about self-righteousness. As we make progress, it is easy to expect others to do as we do. Purification may take many years. But the time it takes doesn't matter. Be patient with yourself. Once we begin to seek balance and a congruency, we are propelled into the third stage.

The third stage is illumination. This is where we begin to get sparks of intuitive awareness. Our intuition begins to grow. We find we have revelations of wisdom that we haven't had before. In this third stage, a lot of wonderful revelations occur. We may have prophetic insights. We may find that healing occurs when we touch people. But, once again we have to be on the lookout for that self-righteousness that may express itself in the feeling, 'Well, I am special, too bad you aren't.'

The fourth stage, the dark night, is the most powerful and harrowing of the healing stages. This phase can and usually does stretch on for years–during which you feel lost. Really, when St. John of the Cross coined that phrase, he wasn't so much talking about the dark night of the

soul but the dark night of the senses. If we can keep our focus properly on the good that we have expressed in the past, if we can keep a sense of gratitude, then in time we begin to see a light. This light is not metaphorical. It is a real light at the center of our being. We are an individualized expression of the divine in this present moment. When we begin to sense that light, we are propelled into the fifth stage.

The fifth stage is the return to the stage of divine union, which is the stage where we began when we were incarnated. During this stage, you become aware that you are of God, and once you know that, you no longer merely believe it. You begin to know that God is for you, and your life changes profoundly.

Most of these stages are static since we are spiritual beings living in a physical body at this specific moment in history. We don't stay in a perpetual state of union. We have bad days. I am convinced that even Mother Teresa had her bad days. Our struggle is to keep our perspective straight, and to work on relearning who we are in the sight of God. If people ask me what I feel is my mission in life, I have to say that I'd like to make God credible again. Well-meaning people, by their over-zealousness, have put God in a bad light. Whatever I do, wherever I go, I want to leave people with the knowledge that God is not against them, that God is for them. I want people to know that nothing they have ever done could separate them from the divine. That's impossible.

You make it clear in your book that you have learned a great deal from other faith traditions. Can you give us an example of how you have learned more about prayer from other faiths?

A lot of the stages and insights I've learned from other traditions dovetail with the training I received to become a Catholic priest. I was a priest for twenty-five years and was trained by Benedictine monks. I was in an abbey for four years and I loved it. From my early training, I understood the role of chanting and how powerful it is. I understood the Orthodox Christian concept of prayer where you bring the name of Jesus to mind and allow it to become a prayer of the heart.

When I began to study Hinduism, and *namasmarana*—the practice of chanting and remembering the one-hundred-and-eight names of God, it not only enhanced my faith and my desire to practice it, but I then began to see so many powerful results. Then I came across an article about Gandhi and his practice of *namasmarana*. He would use Rama, one of the names of God, when he would get sick. He would tell his staff to not bother him for an hour. He would go off by himself and chant and remember that name of God. He would come back restored and go back to work. The prayer practice of *namasmarana* has been important to me. I teach this in nearly every workshop as an anchoring tool. We chant together the names of God. I suggest that people begin to pray with the name of God that is most personally meaningful.

As I began to study different religions, I began to ask myself: What is all the argument about? I was trained by Benedictines who saw no argument. By the time I got to the seminary in the 1960s my scripture teachers were saying that the most important command of God is that we love. My training started very quickly on the right path. To look at people from different backgrounds as somehow less than we are, is not right. Then Mother Teresa came along and influenced me. Her goal was to make a

Christian a better Christian, a Muslim a better Muslim, the Jew a better Jew.

In your book you write about the parallels you see in the seven chakras, or seven centers of consciousness, and the seven houses of Teresa of Avila's *Interior Castle*. Are you saying that these are different ways of expressing the same spiritual truths?

I simply want to point out that if you look at the houses of Teresa, you will see that the first stage is awakening where you become aware of who you really are in God. As you begin to look at that and set it alongside the lower three chakras that deal with money, sex, and power, and how we have to overcome them to be awakened, you begin to see enough parallels that we have to begin to ask ourselves: What are we fighting over?

Bede Griffith, a Western Benedictine monk from England came to the realization many years ago that Christianity had lost the feminine side. He felt strongly that if he went off to India, where he would remain a Benedictine monk, but establish a Christian-Hindu *ashram*, that he could bring the feminine side of spirituality back to Western Christianity, which has no paradigm to focus on the feminine face of God, the love, tenderness, and forgiveness of God that is always there with no limits.

Bede established this *ashram* and welded the two faith practices together. He began to use Latin and Sanskrit in his various services, and drew upon the Jewish and Christian Testaments as well as the Bhagavad Gita. Bede would say look at the palm of your hand. What everyone is doing today is focusing on the thumb and the fingers, the different sizes, the different widths, when the center of

the hand, the palm is what is important. He related this image to the interior life of the spirit versus the external. He felt people were looking at the externals and judging others' religious beliefs when the true essence resides in the center of our beings.

You write that ritual is prayer in action. Say more about the role ritual plays in prayer?

Ritual is something that is imbedded in us. When we meet someone, we shake hands. That is a ritual. We have certain rituals when we eat—we put the fork and the knife on certain sides of the plate. Rituals spark an energy in us and bring it forth when they are done at a heart level. Spiritual rituals are very important and are established on the heart level. Later, as people continue the rituals without knowing why they were established, they begin to practice rituals from the mind level. They lose what I would call the fourth chakra level energy, the love energy. Whenever rituals are practiced from the heart where we really truly live, we can experience healing from them. Let me give you an example of how a ritual became a channel of healing for me.

A number of years ago, I was traveling with some friends in Southern California in my brand-new car. We were on the freeway, and I did get the idea that we were to take another freeway but I was more familiar with this one so I ordered the driver to stay on this particular freeway. We came into traffic and had to stop quickly, but a semi-truck couldn't stop and hit my car. It literally demolished the car that I had purchased just six weeks before. The rescue squad had to pull us out through the shat-

tered windows because none of the doors would open. I was in terrible pain but no one was seriously injured. By the time I got home to Illinois, I was having a real pity party. Here I was working for God, and this awful thing happened to me. How could God do this?

Thoroughly depressed, I visited a dear pastor friend of mine who is a deeply spiritual being, and he said to me, "Well, Ron, what you need to do is to release this. One of the best ways to release these feelings of anger about the accident is make a blessing altar. Place the Polaroid pictures someone took after the accident, the police reports, and all the accident-related mementos you have on a small table in your room. Then, since you are a Christian, put a picture of Jesus on the table. And then bring the driver of the semi-truck into your consciousness, recall the whole scene, and then say, "I bless you with the peace of God." He was, of course, talking about forgiving the driver. When I heard that, I didn't want to pray that way. I didn't want to do it. My friend went on, "Just have the willingness to forgive and release this." I tried to forgive for a couple of days and said the words through clenched teeth. My prayers weren't going anywhere. Then I decided to really bring the driver into my consciousness and prayed, "I really want to forgive you, so I will bless you with all the things I want in my life: peace, love, joy . . . ." And all of a sudden the whole scene came back to me. I saw the driver, who was about two hundred and fifty pounds, get out of his truck and run over to the car. He was crying hysterically and saying, "Oh, my God, is anyone hurt?" He really did have a sincere compassion for us. I hadn't remembered any of that on my conscious

level. When I remembered that, everything within me shifted. I was able honestly to say, "I forgive you." Within forty-eight hours the insurance money came through and everything quickly happened to bring the event to a close.

You call forgiveness, "a prerequisite to prayer." Is this what you are describing here?

Yes, but I want people to know that I don't define forgiveness as condoning the poor behavior of another. I understand the Hebrew concept of forgiveness that means to drop it, to let it go. I want people to know that forgiveness, to let pain or anger go, is for their benefit. To hold on to these negative events and feelings literally puts spiritual toxins into your body. The far better, less complex way to understand forgiveness is to identify what you want in life. Perhaps you want to be a more joyful person or you want to have peace. Then try to desire and pray that for the other person. If you can't get to that point for five or six months, that's all right. To be willing to get there is the important part. I describe forgiveness by reversing the words: Giving forth. Giving forth positive energy in the name of blessing instead of giving forth negative energy in the form of cursing is forgiveness.

In times like ours, where thousands of bombs have recently been dropped, and a huge number of refugees are without permanent homes, how would you encourage our readers to pray for the peace of the world?

I offer blessing prayers for those shown on the world news. This is not easy. And I am not suggesting that I

always pray equally for all. There are parts of me that want to withhold my prayers of blessing for those committing grave atrocities. Having been in Yugoslavia on five different occasions, I know the territory and the images of destruction are very disturbing to me. As I watch the broadcast, I pray mostly the Hebrew blessing: *The Lord bless you. The Lord keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord turn his face toward you and grant you peace.* Before I go to bed at night, I may do the same thing. I am asking blessings to shower the whole area. I don't know what it will take to bring lasting peace. I don't pray for specific results. I simply ask God's love to bring love, peace, joy, and harmony in a way that is quick, acceptable, and right for everyone involved.

Meditation as Reaching Out to Others

Trime Lhamo

As a Buddhist practitioner, the word "prayer" conjures up several meanings remembered from the distant past from my churchgoing childhood. I think of asking God for something, begging God for help, listening to the voice of God to hear his will. None of these definitions have any meaning for me now as a practicing Buddhist. Yet Buddhist practice leads to reaching out to others and including others in meditation.

Buddha's teaching does not rely on external forces. Responsibility for what happens in life falls on one's own shoulders. Buddhism teaches that we are a source of

Bhiksuni Karma Trime Lhamo was fully ordained as a nun in the Tibetan tradition of Buddhism in 1985. Her home monastery is Gampo Abbey in Pleasant Bay, Nova Scotia. Originally from West Virginia she has been a practicing Buddhist since 1972. A trustee of Fellowship in Prayer, Trime lives in New Jersey with four dogs, one cat, and twenty fish. Trime will present a workshop on this practice of "taking and sending" along with a short introduction to meditation during **Companions on the Path**, *Fellowship in Prayer's 50th Anniversary Conference to be held in Princeton, June 16,17, 18, 2000.*

power in ourselves, that the power of mind can be used to move mountains, so to speak, and consequently, practitioners of the *Buddhadharma,* the truth discovered by Sakyamuni Buddha, employ many methods of what might be in Christian terms called "praying for others." One of these practices is called "taking and sending." This meditation practice of the heart develops one's own love and compassion. One begins by visualizing one's own sufferings, then breathes in or "takes in" another's suffering as if inhaling dark, thick smoke. As one exhales, light and the healing power of love, compassion, joy, and equanimity are "sent out" toward another.

These four qualities: love, compassion, joy, and equanimity are often referred to as the "Four Limitless Thoughts that Liberate All Sentient Beings." Silently meditating upon these thoughts or offering them aloud are the ways Buddhists "pray for others."

The Four Limitless Thoughts that Liberate

May all sentient beings, regardless of perceived differences, enjoy happiness and the cause of happiness. (This develops love.)

May all sentient beings, regardless of perceived differences, be free from suffering and the cause of suffering. (This develops compassion.)

May all sentient beings, regardless of perceived differences, never be separated from the great happiness devoid of suffering. (This develops joy for other's good fortune.)

May all sentient beings, regardless of perceived differences, dwell in the great equanimity free from blind passion, destructive aggression, and free from prejudice. (This develops equanimity or serenity.)

Plan Now To Come To This Life-Enhancing Event!

Companions on the Sacred Journey

June 16, 17, 18, 2000 ~ Princeton, New Jersey

Presented by:
Fellowship in Prayer
Princeton University: The Office of the Dean of Religious Life,
Drew University: The Office of Continuing Theological Formation,
Marble Collegiate Church, C. G. Jung Foundation, Interweave

We welcome as keynote speakers:

Larry Dossey, M.D.
Author of *Prayer is Good Medicine, Healing Words,* and *Recovering the Soul*

Ann Belford Ulanov, Ph.D.
Jungian analyst,
faculty, Union Theological Seminary

and

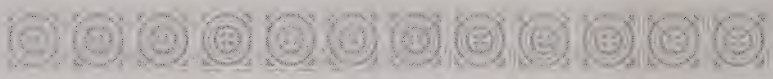
Barry Ulanov, Ph.D.
Professor emeritus, Barnard College, N.Y.

Select from a full array of workshops on spiritual practices of the world's faith traditions.
Experience our labyrinth walk and prayer circles.

Save the date!
As soon as we have registration and full details, we'll publish them.

Fellowship in Prayer
291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542
609.924.6863 (phone) 609.924.6910 (fax)
E-mail: editorial@sacredjourney.org

PRAYERS



Native American Prayer

O Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me! I am small and weak; I need your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes behold the red and purple sunset.

Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may understand the things you have taught my people. Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength, not to be greater than my friend, but to fight my greatest enemy–myself. Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes. So when life fades, as the fading sunset, may my spirit come to you without shame.

Morning Prayer of the Missionaries of Charity

Dear Lord, the Great Healer
I kneel before you, since every
perfect gift must come from you.
I pray, give skill to my hands,
clear vision to my mind,
kindness and meekness to my heart.

Give me singleness of purpose,
strength to lift up a part of the
burden of my fellowmen,
and a realization of the privilege
that is mine. Take from my heart
all guile and worldliness, that with the
simple faith of a child, I may rely on you.
Amen

Waking Up

Thich Nhat Hanh

Waking up this morning, I smile.
Twenty-four brand new hours are before me.
I vow to live fully in each moment
and to look at all beings with eyes of
compassion.

Native American Prayer is taken from Prayer and the Five Stages of Healing *by Ron Roth, Ph.D. with Peter Occhiogrosso. Published by Hay House Publishers, (800) 654-5126.*

Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity worldwide start each day with this prayer from their community prayer book. It is quoted from Everything Starts from Prayer: Mother Teresa's Meditations on Spiritual Life for People of All Faiths, *Edited by Anthony Stern, Published by White Cloud Press, (800)380-8286.*

Waking Up is from The Gift of Prayer: A Treasury of Personal Prayer from the World's Spiritual Traditions *(A Fellowship in Prayer Book). This book can be purchased from Fellowship in Prayer by mail. The cost is $19.95 for hard cover or $12.95 for soft cover, plus $3.00 for postage and handling. Mail it in the post-paid envelope found in the center of the journal. Please allow 4 weeks delivery. Sorry, we are unable to accept credit cards.*

The Goodness of Being Limited

Lorette Piper

Each of us handles suffering in a different way. I know a chaplain to people with AIDS who believes there is no one model which we must imitate, so that we can do a really good job at suffering well. By its very nature, it seems to me, suffering is out of our control. Some of us talk about our suffering. Some of us don't. Some of us weep and mourn. Some of us keep silent. At different moments, we may do all of the above, as we move through cycles and stages. Jesus himself prayed, expressed hurt feelings at his disciples' insensitivity, surrendered, wept, sweated blood, and called out into silence. As we read in the letter to the Hebrews, he learned obedience from the things he suffered. A mysterious truth indeed.

"Shoulder my yoke . . . my yoke is easy and my burden light," scripture promises. In Jesus' time and place, the truly impoverished farmer could not afford an ox, so he himself would wear the yoke and plow his field, with his wife and children guiding the plow behind him. The offer of an easy

Sister Lorette "Retsy" Piper, a highly effective prison minister, teacher, writer, spiritual director and chaplain, died in May after a long struggle with cancer. We at Sacred Journey *will miss her wit and wisdom but trust she is now forever well.*

yoke and a light burden would be very appealing, in exchange for the brutal exhaustion of wearing the very heavy yoke. If I think about my suffering as a person with cancer only as an obstacle in my real life, then I wear an unbearably heavy yoke. But if I plow the field, trusting in the harvest to come, in dialogue with God and friends, I come closer to putting on the easy yoke, the light burden, and I can accept the fact that cancer is part of my real life, one aspect of my evolving identity and of my authentic destiny.

Personally, I get irritated when people say things like, "God never gives us more than we can bear," or "There's a reason for everything," or "God has a perfect plan for each of us." Maybe so—but I suspect it's not that simple and I think of Job saying to his glib and self-assured comforters, "God doesn't need your pious lies." I much prefer people who, like my melancholy monk friend, say things like, "Not so bad is as good as it gets," or "Every day above ground is a good day." There are days when I feel that I do have a great deal more than I can bear, and I do feel like the impoverished farmer whose yoke is entirely too heavy for him. We don't need to add the guilt of not having the "proper attitude" to our suffering. Humor helps me a lot. A friend, who is also a cancer patient, and I, plan a TV cancer special which will open with an actual salutation someone extended to me at a meeting: "Hi, Retsy! I have another friend who is also terminal." (I hate to tell her, but we're all terminal.)

I find that when I look directly at the reality of my situation as a person with cancer, I have the sense that I am also looking God right in the eye. If I acknowledge fully my pain and my anger and my fear, then something happens which readies me to take the next step, whatever

that may be. On several occasions of great anxiety, a calmness not possible to my volatile temperament suddenly settled upon me. I'm convinced that is the cumulative effect of other people's prayers, which made it possible for me to experience Jesus' words: "My grace is enough for you, for power is at full stretch in weakness."

As I grow older, it's harder for me to judge whether events and circumstances are good or bad; I get hints of a wider context or a broader perspective within which our lives are happening. For example, the mother of a teenaged daughter told me recently that the best day of her life was when she saw the sheriff approach her front door with her daughter in manacles and under arrest. That was the day her daughter's recovery from drugs began and also the day that the daughter's long-buried love for her mother began to surface. Now this young woman is an honor student, a leader in her recovery program, and very close to the mother she had said she hated.

When I look at my cancer, I am looking God right in the eye.

My friend Rabbi Daniel Grossman asks a helpful question: "Why do you Christians seem to think that intimacy with God is necessarily warm, cozy and comforting?" Intimacy with God can feel absolutely terrible. This observation brings me to my main point: suffering can be a form of intimacy with God as it was for Job and Jesus before us. What I notice about Job is that the extreme pressure of his suffering pushes him beyond conventional religious wisdom and the theological cliches of his time into a free and bold stance toward his Creator. When Job has worn himself out, having said everything

on his mind and in his heart and having expressed all the misery of his body, then God steps forward to address Job—not with specific answers explaining the reason for his suffering, but simply as the revelation of the divine presence within his suffering and a reminder about who created whom. Perhaps, like Job and Jesus, suffering is the way we are to claim the fullness of our personal, original, and unrepeatable relationship with our Creator, because it pushes us beyond old boundaries in our relationship with God.

"Yes," you could say, "but suffering can make people bitter." Of course. I have a friend who is a young and beautiful wife and mother with a disease which robs her invisibly of her sense of well-being. Her smile, nonetheless, is always radiant, her interest in people and her practical compassion are constant. Talking with her recently, it came to me to say, "You have made a choice, haven't you?" She looked me straight in the eye and answered, "Yes, I have made a choice." A choice not to be bitter, a choice to be aware that God gives us our life, breath by breath, a choice to live abundantly. We have much more power and many more inner resources than we ordinarily recognize in undisturbed, healthy time.

Theologian Michael Himes opened up a whole new perspective on sickness for me when he said that holiness is the affirmation of the goodness of being limited. We are finite creatures who have a birth date and a death date and who cannot know or do certain things. Our limits matter but that's not a tragedy. That's what it means to be me now. It's easy to say that as finite beings, our lives as limited by sickness and suffering, are good. Yet it is precisely these limited selves whom God is creating and pronouncing not only good but very good.

Our culture values physical, emotional, and psychological wholeness, health, fitness, and beauty in the extreme. Wholeness, health, fitness, and beauty are mega-industries, as well as national values. I believe there is another kind of wholeness, health, fitness, and beauty available to us: the wholeness of embracing, in our awareness and in our prayer, the suffering and needs of all our sisters and brothers throughout the world, the wholeness of becoming catholic or universal in our hearts which can be opened wide by our physical and psychological suffering, the wholeness of living day by day with radical trust in God's presence in our limits and in those of others.

A TRANSFORMING EXPERIENCE

My First Miracle

Lorraine V. Murray

"The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil. . ."
—Gerald Manley Hopkins, S.J.

As a child growing up in Miami, I passionately embraced the Catholic faith with all its trimmings. Rosary beads, saints, and novenas were as familiar as jumping rope.

But at age seventeen I left home to major in philosophy at the University of Florida. As I pored over the texts of the rationalists and empiricists, thorny reason elbowed out the tender shoots of my faith and I became an atheist for nearly twenty years.

Reflecting on those years now, I think God nudged me many times, but I was too stubborn—until a series of events made it impossible to ignore God any longer.

Lorraine Murray, a writer from Decatur, GA, recently reached her goals to radically simplify her life. She happily quit her editorial job and now volunteers weekly at an AIDS hospice and a personal-care home for the elderly. Highly involved in the Eucharistic ministry of her church, she and her husband lead study groups exploring the links between simplicity and compassion.

First, my husband, Jef, and I were vacationing on an island in the Gulf of Mexico, having lunch in a small boat anchored near the shore. The boat bobbed lazily as we enjoyed the still, clear day. The sea was very calm.

Suddenly, the water parted noisily and out popped the heads of two enormous creatures. I had absolutely no idea what they were. My rational mind raced frantically for a label: Mountains? Sea monsters? Whales?

The words skittered across my mind, but it was only after the two giants vanished beneath the water that I found the label: Manatees!

"Did you see what I saw?" I asked Jef, and we both dissolved in laughter. And then, seconds later, the two great mammals rose again from the deep and peered into the boat.

Now I was face to face with a manatee.

The dear innocent eyes in the wrinkled face gazed curiously at me, as if trying to place me. This was the most unlikely—and yet, oddly, the most beautiful—face I'd ever seen. And I was thoroughly startled by my immediate reaction, unorthodox for an atheist: "It's like gazing into the eyes of God."

Not long after that, Jef traveled from our Decatur, Georgia, home on a business trip to New York. Upon his return, he casually mentioned that he'd lit candles in St. Patrick's Cathedral in memory of my parents, who had died while I was a graduate student. I was shocked by my realization that, as a daughter, I'd failed miserably in my spiritual duty toward my parents. I'd neglected to pray for the repose of their souls.

This realization was the second chink in the armor of my atheism. It wasn't too long before I began attending Mass and then returned to the sacraments. God quickly

answered my initial plea of "Help me to believe." But I clung stubbornly to shreds of my former cynicism, discounting miracles and mysticism as chicanery. Then one Sunday, our pastor introduced four Indian nuns, the Missionaries of Charity, who had been sent to Atlanta by Mother Teresa to open a home for poor women with AIDS.

I'd read about Mother Teresa and her belief that we encounter Jesus in the suffering poor. When the sisters, clad in simple white saris, shyly stood up, a thought flashed through my mind: "This is it. This is what I've been waiting for."

After introducing ourselves to the sisters, Jef and I visited the dilapidated Atlanta house that was to become a home for the AIDS patients. One of the sisters showed us around, quietly explaining the litany of renovations (sanding, painting, flooring, woodworking) needed to transform the house from its current dreary state to a place fit for Jesus.

We began spending nearly every Saturday for a year helping the sisters. It was a joy to rise early, don our work clothes, pack a thermos of coffee, and join the crew of volunteers. We realized that, for many poor women, this house would become their first real home—and their last.

The sisters worked side by side with the volunteers. Sometimes, when the sisters spoke of their memories of Mother Teresa, their dark eyes widened and their smiles grew even more beautiful. Although I never doubted their sincerity, I still harbored traces of skepticism and wondered if the media image of this woman as a modern-day saint were not exaggerated.

Then came the announcement. Mother Teresa was coming to Atlanta for a special Mass and consecration of the home, which would be called The Gift of Grace.

We received a phone call from the sisters, excitedly inviting us to the event.

Jef and I rose early on the day of the Mass. Driving down the street to the house, we saw that a large crowd, plus television crews, already had gathered outside. What, I wondered, would motivate people to come from all over the city for a glimpse of this woman? Was it because the media had turned her into a celebrity? What about me? Was I guilty of stargazing too?

At the entrance to the home, a volunteer checked off our names from a list the sisters had provided and then Jef and I squeezed through the door into the living room, where Mass was to be celebrated. But the area already was overflowing with people, so we joined the throng in the adjacent dining room.

This was the most beautiful face I'd ever seen.

The air bristled with anticipation. Some people spoke in hushed tones of previous encounters with Mother. Others murmured of miracles.

Miracles, I thought grumpily, don't happen in the twentieth century. And besides, nothing could top my encounter with the manatees.

A commotion near the back door startled me. Whispers lit up areas of the room like fireflies. "Mother is on her way!"

I turned just in time to see a long line of nuns, all in identical white saris, proceeding through the dining room, just a few feet from us. Then I realized that one of the sisters, the smallest and most bent over, was Mother Teresa.

As Mother passed us, a woman near me reached out and gently touched the hem of her sari. I imagined what my reaction would have been. Most likely, I thought, I'd

have ignored the light touch and continued walking. But Mother stopped and turned slowly. She smiled at the woman and tenderly took her outstretched hand.

As Mother Teresa turned, she looked toward me for an instant and I had my first full view of her face. Our eyes met.

In a flash, I realized that her eyes exhibited the same open and innocent expression I'd seen in the manatee's eyes. It was as if God had momentarily superimposed one image upon the other just for me.

Until that moment, I'd thought of miracles as Twentieth Century Fox technicolor productions, with rumbling skies and luminescent angels brandishing trumpets. And I'd believed God reserved such grandiose happenings for the holy, not for skeptics like me.

It was only then that I realized fully the meaning of Jesus' words: "I was in prison and you visited me. I was hungry and you gave me food. I was thirsty and you gave me drink, a stranger and you welcomed me, naked and you clothed me." (Matthew 26: 35-36). In the most mysterious way, in a place untouched by reason but where faith flowers, we encounter the Lord everywhere—in the weary faces of the poor, in the compassionate gaze of a saint—and even in the eyes of a curious sea creature.

The More Than Ten Commandments

Mary-Kate Heffern

I must get up early.
I must walk three times a week.
I must floss my teeth.
I must read food labels.
I must limit the fat I eat.
I must increase the fiber.
I must avoid eating salt.
I must drink skimmed milk.
I must eat fresh fruits and vegetables
and peel them only if necessary.
First I must scrub them well.
I must save the peelings for mulch.
I must separate cast-off papers from cans and bottles.
I must put them in their proper containers
and set them out on the sidewalk for collection
on the right days of the month.
I must shade my skin from the direct rays of the sun
and check each mole carefully,
noting any change in size or shape.

Mary-Kate Heffern was for twenty-seven years a nurse practitioner in college health at Princeton University. Now seventy years old and married with five grown children and five grandchildren, she works part-time and has a lot of energy. Mary-Kate recently underwent surgery and requested prayer for her full recovery.

I must avoid excess amounts of caffeine.
I must avoid excess amounts of alcohol.
I must not smoke, at all!
I must stretch my limbs regularly
and lift or push against resistance.
I must wear a seat belt in a car and a helmet on a bike.
When I am over fifty I must have a yearly mammogram;
perhaps before. Let me check the ad.
I must eat three meals daily,
preferably dividing the calories equally among them.
I must drink eight glasses of water each day as well.
I must drink orange juice,
and be careful to remember calcium.
I must trim my toenails straight across,
and see the dentist every six months.
I must write in my diary, keep track of my expenditures,
and develop goals based upon set priorities.

If I obey these commands, there's a chance I will live
longer than predicted.

On the other hand,
If I believe,

Then I will live
Forever.

Gray

Kimberly Beyer-Nelson

Beneath a soft morning sky,
gray, but comforting,
hold the sand
in your out-stretched palm,
letting the wind catch the grains,
scattering
sifting away.

Walk for a while
letting the cold wind catch at your unbound hair
and smile at those you pass.
Meet their eye.
Wish them well beneath your breath,
breath as silver-gray as a Siamese cat,
and wrap yourself up in the warm pleasure
of quiet contact.

Sit slouched and comfortable on
the old gray wood bench
throwing french fries to seagulls,
and chatting with the old man who comes each day
bringing his day-old bread
and story-ridden hat.

To witness is not always to persuade.
To teach is not always to speak.
Life is not always printed in black and white,
for gray is often more readable.

Kinberly Beyer-Nelson holds a Master's Degree in Comparative Religion and a certificate in Holistic Health from Western Michigan University. She is currently attending Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colorado, doing work in retreat center leadership and cross-cultural contemplative studies.

Roller Coaster Spirituality

Bruce Marshall

The slow ascent took us high above the amusement park. I was a sixth-grader on my first roller coaster ride. My friend Jimmy, seated next to me, advised me to scream when we went down and practiced a few times in anticipation. Then we reached the peak, and ascent turned to descent. The car didn't just drop, it felt like we were pulled down faster than had we simply jumped.

I hung on tight, too shocked to scream, terrified that the car would not hold me—that I would be wrested out of my seat and pitched to the ground below. In the minute or so that passed between hitting the peak and our return to the boarding station, I vowed never again to ride another roller coaster.

That resolution held for thirty-nine years. Then I found myself at an amusement park with my fiancé, her children and mine. I guess I had something to prove. How

Bruce Marshall is a spiritual director and writer for the City News. *His most recent book is* Taking Pictures of God, *published by Skinner House Press. Bruce lives near Cleveland, OH.*

could I explain my fear to Amy's sixteen-year-old son?

I agreed to go on something called the "Corkscrew," so named because it took you down real fast, turned you upside down, twisted and shook you. Aaron, the sixteen-year-old, wanted to sit next to me, he said, "so that I can see your face."

Great. The things one does for family. We stepped into the car together. I took my glasses off, strapped and barred myself in place and waited.

There was the slow ascent—some things don't change. We reached the peak and then with a jerk began the rush at roughly the speed of light. (Somebody's cap was torn from its owner's head, and we raced past it.) Unexpectedly, this felt familiar. I knew this experience, and it wasn't because I remembered much about my sixth-grade roller coaster ride.

It felt familiar because my life in recent years has been like a roller coaster: a marriage ended and a new relationship began. I left my job and my profession as other doors opened. Upon disillusionment with my church, I found new ways to explore my spiritual life. Old friends turned away and new friends appeared. I have felt myself pulled down and around at speeds much faster than I would have willingly chosen.

With this realization came the knowledge of how to get through this ride. I relaxed. I ceased resisting and released my tight hold on the bar. I let my body go slack, and became quiet inside. I was present and let that roller coaster take me where it was going to go.

It worked. Not only did I survive, but it was fun in a weird sort of way. Through becoming quiet inside as everything around me was rearranged, I found a center from which to observe and even enjoy the spectacle. A rush of

Mark E. Gibson/Mira

awakening stayed with me long after I stepped off the car and returned to solid earth.

I would like spirituality to be mostly a matter of listening deeply in the quiet. I yearn for calm, presence, stillness. I would like the pace and tenor of life that develops during a retreat to last into ordinary time. But that isn't how life is. Sometimes we find ourselves on a ride not of our choosing as things start falling and dipping and turning us upside down. Then what is called for is roller coaster spirituality.

Roller coaster spirituality, oddly enough, isn't that different from quiet-based spirituality. The responses are similar as are the lessons. When we find ourselves in a roller coaster time of our lives, it's best to relax. While the first reaction is to grip harder: holding on tightly is what gets us hurt. Far better to let it happen, to be present and attentive to what might be revealed while we are on this ride.

Relax. Holding on tightly is what gets us hurt.

There are lessons revealed amidst the wild ride times of life. Some of these lessons have to do with control or, more accurately, accepting the times when my efforts aimed at keeping things under control are pitifully useless. Once that ride starts, nothing I do will change its course. More of my life is "out of control" than I like to admit.

But the trip is also safer than we might suspect. I've been told that roller coasters are designed so that a sack of potatoes could take the ride and not fall out. While it feels our very survival is at stake, this experience has been designed for us to live through. Indeed, many others have taken such a ride before us, and they made it to the end

just fine.

One more lesson. A strange thing happened on that roller coaster when I relaxed and was present and attentive: I started to laugh. From somewhere deep inside, laughter erupted. A part of me I usually keep closed up tight, opened. Out escaped laughter that was deep and full. It was the laughter of joy.

NEWS of the sacred journey . . .

We're delighted by the strong response we're getting to our announcements about "Companions on the Sacred Journey," our 50th Anniversary celebration in Princeton, June 16, 17, 18, in the year 2000. Several hundred of you have already notified us that you plan to come or have requested an information brochure. Please wait to send the registration fee until you complete the registration form in the brochure that will be mailed to you early in 2000. Do mark your calendars. Do plan to come. Excitement is building. We feel it.

My Twelve Truths

Liz Watkins

I am a middle-aged English teacher who has lived my entire life in an urban area. When I was invited to participate in a ten-day wilderness canoe trip in the Northwoods of Ontario, Canada especially designed for women in their middle or elder years, I didn't flatly refuse but requested additional information. I had never paddled a canoe and had only rarely swam in a pool. I had never camped out in a park or backyard, let alone in wilderness. Honestly, I never had a desire to participate in outdoor activities beyond barbequing on the patio.

Still, the literature explaining the trip and the notion of adventure intrigued me. I sat down in my favorite chair with the materials and put on a Luther Vandross compact disc. As Luther's voice sang, *"Ain't no stoppin' us now we're on the move. We'll let nothin' hold us back. Don't let*

Elizabeth Watkins teaches English to eleventh graders in Cleveland, Ohio and for the past six years ninety-eight percent of her students passed the reading and writing portions of the Ohio state proficiency tests.

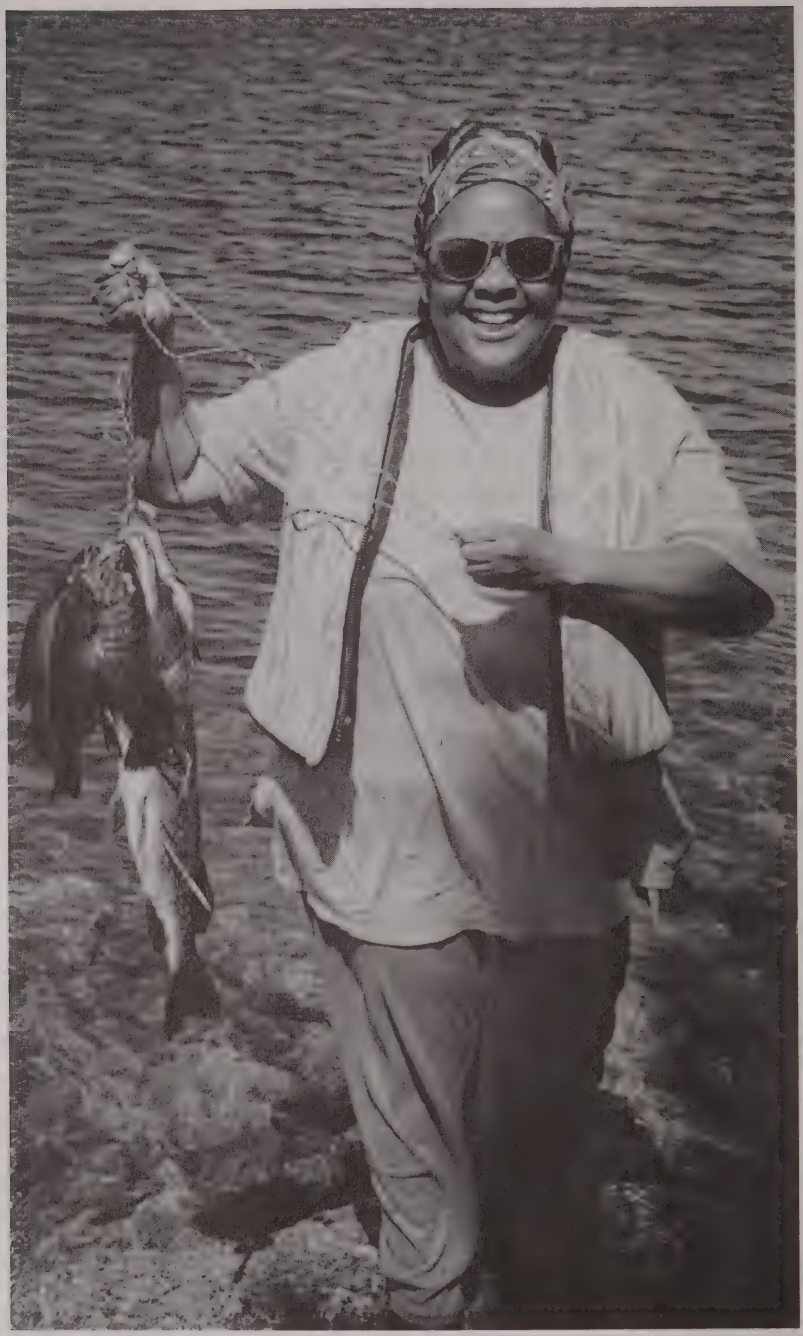
nothin' stand in your way," I found the motivation to accept the challenge. I was in!

I had six weeks to prepare for the trip and began a vigorous conditioning program. Together with God, Luther Vandross's singing, and my personal commitment, anything was possible. I walked and sang as I practiced carrying my thirty-five pound backpack. I slept on the floor on an air mattress and in a sleeping bag. I ate healthy food and read books about the Northwoods. I prayed and asked God to take away my fears.

When I arrived at the outfitters in Atikokan, Ontario, our group of fifteen women immediately began to prepare and pack gear. Separating breakfast, lunch, and dinner provisions and attempting to balance each pack was tedious. Making small talk with strangers and trying to be helpful proved stressful. We were forced to repack our personal belongings and take only what was absolutely necessary. The two leaders charted our journey with the riggers and passed out paddles, life jackets and canoes.

We spent the first night in tight quarters in a bunkhouse. This was more than I bargained for but my spirits were high. The next morning we piled our gear and canoes aboard a truck and headed for the river. We were given safety instructions and soon were ready to head out.

The blue water of the river was picturesque. Tall pine trees framed the banks and seemed to whisper about peace. Huge rocks and boulders, sun, and the vast blue summer sky surrounded us with warmth. As we unloaded the canoes, set up the campsite, pitched our three-women-tents, and filtered water, teamwork came naturally. As the days passed, we explored the area, wrote in our journals, laughed, cried, sang, prepared meals, washed clothes, swam, and connected with each other.



The group was diverse in every area except race. I was the only black woman. This somehow didn't matter except when I was asked by our oldest member who was seventy-six years of age to "sing some gospel tunes, Liz." Her request was amusing as I was raised a Lutheran and know only bits and pieces of various gospel songs. So I began to sing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," and we all laughed and sang in unison. We talked about differences and agreed that we women are more alike than different. We embraced our differences and shared our feelings. We were surrounded by God's creation and felt one with nature. We each came to the Northwoods for different reasons and all left a little wiser. We told our stories to one another and set our burdens aside. We sang and asked God to grant us peace. Our theme song became the Taize chant, *Dona Nobis Pacem* (Grant Us Peace). The Singing Women, as we called ourselves, sang this over and over as we paddled our canoes. I felt "the peace that passes all understanding," written about by the Psalmist in the Bible. My fears disappeared and God, in the form of nature, became my guide.

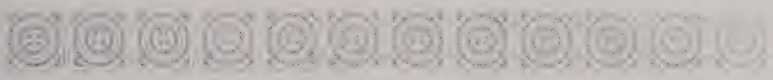
When I returned home and reflected upon my experience, I was reminded of Twelve Truths:

1. God is all there is. Let go and let God.
2. Mother Earth gives us all we need to survive.
3. Staying in the moment, in the now, allows me to enjoy the richness of life.
4. Building community is a team activity and requires working in harmony with self and others.
5. Compassion is felt when we become still and willingly listen to another.
6. Metaphors, music, drumming, and singing are gifts

from God.

7. Fear is the absence of faith and "faith can move mountains."
8. Healing occurs when we allow ourselves to feel.
9. Inner peace can be obtained and maintained throughout life.
10. Women/Mother-Goddesses can love and nurture each other.
11. The bonds of sisterhood transcend color, social and economic status, and religious beliefs.
12. Taking risks ensures growth.

ILLUMINATIONS



The most beautiful and profound emotion that we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness.

-Albert Einstein, The World As I See It

We should understand well that all things are the works of the Great Spirit. We should know that He is within all things: the trees, the grasses, the rivers, the mountains, and all the four-legged animals, and the winged peoples; and even more important, we should understand that He is also above all these things and peoples.

-Black Elk, The Sacred Pipe

We are part of the Earth and the Earth is a part of us. The fragrant flowers are our sisters. The reindeer, the horse, the great eagle are our brothers. The rocky heights, the foamy crests of waves in the river, the sap of meadow flowers, the body heat of the pony—and of human beings—all belong to the same family . . . . Humankind has not woven the web of life. We are but one thread within it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. All

things are bound together. All things connect. Whatever befalls the Earth befalls also the children of Earth.

-Chief Seattle

Take care how you place your moccasins upon the earth, step with care, for the faces of the future generation are looking up from earth waiting their turn for life.

-Traditional Native American saying

Life is holiness and everyday humdrum, sadness and laughter, the mind and the belly all mixed together. The Great Spirit doesn't want us to sort them out neatly.

-Leonard Crow Dog, Sioux medicine man

Do you have the patience to wait
till your mud settles and the water is clear?
Can you remain unmoving
till the right action arises by itself?

-Lao-tzu, Tao-te Ching

Let those who have need of more,
ask for it humbly. And let
those who have need of less
thank God.

-The Rule of Saint Benedict

LETTERS & LINKS

Dear *Sacred Journey*:

I look forward to reading *Sacred Journey* and read it cover to cover. I have been encouraged and uplifted in my own journey with prayer as I have read of the experience of so many others, other faiths, and walks of life. *Sacred Journey* never stays on the shelf when I finish reading it, and I always pass it on.

Elizabeth, Palm Coast, FL

I am a devotee of Avatar "Maher Baba." As one who has struggled with chronic depression over a lifetime, I find hope and inspiration to go on through God's manifestation in the world and that includes the words and stories in *Sacred Journey*. . . [it] often reminds me of God's infinite compassion in our lives even though we may at times not feel it.

Max, Cincinnati, OH

A friend loaned me some back copies of your publication. I am a recovering alcoholic. The few issues have helped me tremendously. I feel so peaceful and hopeful after having read the articles. This ministry is truly God's will.

Sarah, Winston-Salem, NC

The contributions by a fairly diverse group have inspired me many times. I like the way it brings emphasis to similarities as well as notable differences among various belief systems. I would like to see an ever greater diversity of belief systems shared. Thank you for bringing this wonderful publication to us.

Cynthia, Seattle, WA

Resources

Richard, a reader from Evanston, IL asked us to pass on information about the Open Doors Prayer Alert Line for the Suffering Church. Call 1-800-488-PRAY to hear a weekly update about those imprisoned for their faith around the world.

Marge, a reader from Brown Mills, NJ sends word that the Christian Caring Center, which provides counseling and emergency food and runs a small homeless shelter is in need of prayers, food, clothing, money, and volunteers. For more information call (609) 893-0700.

The Journal of Interfaith Dialogue is calling for papers from those engaged in the study, discussion and/or activity with people outside their own proclaimed faith. For additional information, please contact:

Howard B. Larson, Managing Editor
Howard Larson & Associates
The Journal of Interfaith Dialogue
678 North Eagle Lane
Palatine, IL 60067

Prayer Requests

Jim and John, for family restoration
Brian, for family problems and fear
Mary Ann, for strength in her difficult job
Cindi, for new friends
Dennis, for healing from trauma
Mrs. C, Sue, Martha, Sr. Mary, and Elizabeth, for healing of body and restoration of spirit
Alexander, for financial security and spiritual strength

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542-3227
Phone: 609-924-6863
Fax: 609-924-6910
E-mail: editorial@sacredjourney.org

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Paul Walsh

EDITOR
Rebecca Laird

ART DIRECTOR
Laurel Masten Cantor

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Linda D. Baumann

TRUSTEES
Kathryn G. Brown
President Emeritus, Co-Founder
Paul Walsh
President
Howard S. Ende
Vice President and Treasurer
Frederick J. Olessi
Vice President and Secretary
Rabbi Samuel M. Silver
Vice President Emeritus
Rev. Dr. Arthur Caliandro
Werner Mark Linz
Charles Lunnin
Venerable Gelongma Trime Lhamo
Lorraine Sciarra
Rev. Dr. Joseph C. Williamson

© Copyright 1999 Fellowship in Prayer, Inc. All rights reserved. *Sacred Journey* is a trademark of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

Material in this publication is copyrighted and may not be reproduced by photocopy or any other means without written permission.

Vol. 50, No. 4

ADVISORS
Dr. Marjorie Bankson
The Rev. Dr. Thomas Berry
Mother Tessa Bielecki
The Rev. Dr. Harvey Cox
Dr. Joan Halifax
The Venerable Thich Nhat Hanh
Rachel Harris
Sheila Holtgrieve
Ram Kolluri
Dr. Daniel Martin
The Very Rev. Dr. James Parks Morton
Elizabeth Ostuni
Virginia Prescott
The Rev. Hazel Staats-Westover
Michael Stoner
Anne Walsh

For six bi-monthly issues of *Sacred Journey*, send your name, address, and $16 ($22 international) to Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542-3227.

We welcome articles on prayer, meditation, spiritual experience, religious faith or practices, and similar topics. Preference is given to experiential manuscripts. Manuscripts should not exceed 1500 words and may be submitted on disk and sent to The Editor, *Sacred Journey*, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542-3227. Please include a brief biography.

We sometimes share subscribers' names and addresses with other nonprofit, spiritual organizations. If you don't wish your name shared, let us know.

Bookstores & Retreat Centers:
Would you like to carry *Sacred Journey*? Call us at 609-924-6863 to order in bulk.

ISSN 1096-5939

FELLOWSHIP
IN PRAYER, INC.
Publishers of SACRED JOURNEY™
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542

Address service requested

Nonprofit org.
U.S. postage
PAID
Hanover, PA 17331
Permit no. 4

191

POSTAGE DUE